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last thing at night. In London in 1802, he was present at a lecture on optics, by Professor Walker, who declared he had never known another instance of a short-sighted person requiring strong magnifying glasses. It is remarkable that a son of his, and another member of the family, have the same defect, and employ the same remedy.

Instead of reading small print at night, with strong spectacles, I have found it convenient to use my ordinary glasses, holding a reading glass, six inches diameter and six inches focus—taking care not to move the glass, to disturb the apparent locality of the letters. In the same manner, I have sometimes, especially in a dark day, found advantage from a lens of eight inches diameter and forty-eight inches focus, between me and my sitter, using the spectacles which suit the distance of the picture on which I painted. This seems to *magnify* the head, which is not the case, as it is seen entirely *within* a part of the glass's diameter; but upon telescopic principles rendering the object more distinct.

It will not be irrelevant to our subject, if I relate an anecdote, which, although not a part of my experience, except that I heard it sixty years ago, yet is aptly allusive to some of the uses of spectacles. Dr. Franklin when in London, in a small street, stooping forward to look into a low window of a curiosity shop, his *bulky* form engrossed so much of the narrow pavement, that a sailor advancing and not finding room enough to pass, cried out—

"D—n your —," and was about to say "eyes," when Franklin quickly turning towards him his venerable head, the rough, good-hearted sailor finished his sentence—"D—n your spectacles!" Franklin, with his accustomed humor, replied—

"It is not the first time my SPECTACLES have saved my EYES."

SOME REMARKS

UPON THE

LIFE OF B. R. HAYDON,

Historical Painter.

By Frederick G. Stephens.

THIRD ARTICLE—(Continued).

HAYDON returned to London, having made many friends; and set to immediately upon another large picture—"The Raising of Lazarus." "He was still deeply in debt," he says, "and still more deeply in love—longing to be married to a young widow with two infants; and Lazarus still a sketch upon the canvas. Two years must elapse before it could be finished. Still at the canvas I flew, and made all my studies in gasping anxiety." With this picture he proceeded with the same energy, and not without the same difficulties, as in the previous ones; indeed, worse difficulties, for we find him, in June, 1821, describing his arrest for debt, and also gloating over the shame of the officer who took him, that the painter of so great a work as Lazarus should be exposed to such a degradation. The man behaved well, and Haydon was soon freed: thus recording a visit to the sheriff's house—"As I waited in his parlor, I saw the tax-gatherer's paper over the chimney, for taxes due, with a note of a peremptory nature. Here is a picture of a human day!"

On the 10th of October, this year (1821),

he was married, and it is curious to trace the influence of his excellent wife throughout the rest of his life; as Mr. Tom Taylor points out. He progressed with "Lazarus" throughout the year, and in April following painted the principal head under the following circumstance.

"Just as I was beginning, I was arrested by Smith, the colorman, in Piccadilly, with whom I had dealt for fifteen years. The sheriff's officer said, 'I am glad, Mr. Haydon, you do not deny yourself: Sir Thomas Lawrence makes a point never to be denied.' I arranged the affair as rapidly as I could, for no time was to be lost, and wrote to my old landlord for bail. The officer took it, and appointed to meet him in the evening; and then I set to work. For a few moments, my mind, hurt and wounded, struggled to regain its power. At last, in scrawling about the brush, I gave an expression to the eye of "Lazarus:" I instantly got interested, and before two I had hit it. My pupil, Bewick sat for it, and as he had not sold his exquisite picture of "Jacob," looked quite thin and anxious enough for such a head. 'I hope you get your food regularly,' said I. He did not answer; by degrees his cheeks reddened and his eyes filled, but he subdued his feelings. This is an illustration of the state of historical painting in England. A master and his pupil—the one without a pound, the other without bread!" It was through these gales of trouble that poor Haydon kept afloat. When the picture was so far completed that there were but three heads to paint, comes this:

"Sept. 9th.—Out all day to pacify, put off, and arrange; came home nearly over for the week. By God's blessing at work to-morrow, and then for a head. O God! have mercy upon me, and bring me gloriously through; and after that enable me to begin and go more gloriously through the 'Crucifixion.' Amen." The allusion to the "Crucifixion" refers to a new subject, which he had in his mind at the time, which, however, he never painted.

We shall give another of these records of monetary miseries, and then have done with the subject; as the whole remaining portion of the volumes is thronged with similar descriptions of suffering; so that when we come to the last awful climax—his suicide—it is almost with a feeling of wonder how that had not come to pass before; so terrible are the continual anxieties which press upon him. Duns, law-suits, arrests, executions, repeated bankruptcies, death of children, death and loss of friends; not to mention the begging and borrowing of money from every conceivable friend and acquaintance, and upon every conceivable pretext and cause. All these, from the repetition, are so shocking to the reader, that he looks closely through the book for what happiness Haydon had for the rest of his life—nearly thirty years. He will find within, and under all this trouble, the talisman—home, peace, and fireside repose, which really seems to have fallen to his lot in such astounding quantity, that we are convinced that then and there only could he be said to be happy; for as the years advanced, other men arose, who took the place which he thought should have been his own; and although he lived to see the darling wish of his heart fulfilled—that is,

patronage of the art by the government; yet, he had passed his prime then, and shared not in the profit or the honor: although he occasionally for some years made a hit with a picture exhibited; yet, never did he get clear of debt, except by the process of insolvency; and even then, his habits of expense, and family demands—justifiable or not—were such that in a few years he had to have the operation repeated. It was thus, at home, that peace existed alone for him. The following will show how Haydon looked upon the second execution which came upon him in 1822.

"November 12th.—Out all day on business, and settled everything. Came home to relieve dear Mary's anxiety. Just as I was beginning to finish the right-hand corner, in came a man, with, 'Sir, I have an execution against you,' and in walked another sedate-looking little fellow, and took his seat. I was astonished, for I had paid part of this very matter in the morning. I told the man to be civil and quiet, and left him in charge of old Sammons, [his man-servant and model] who was frightened as a child, and pale as death: I then ran up-stairs, kissed dearest Mary, and told her the exact truth. With the courage of a heroine, she bade me 'never mind,' and assured me she would not be uneasy. Tired as I was, I sallied forth again, telling the little Cerberus that I hoped he knew how to behave. These people are proud of being thought capable of appreciating gentlemanly behavior; I find this is the weakness of all sheriff's officers. I went to my creditor, a miserable apothecary. I asked him if it was manly, when he knew my wife was near her confinement, and told him to come with me to the attorney. He consented, evidently ashamed. Away we went to the attorney's, who had assured me in the morning nothing of the sort should happen, as he had not given the writ to an officer. He now declared the man had exceeded his instructions, and wrote a letter to him, which I took. The man declared he had not; and as I was going away with a release, he said, 'I hope, Mr. Haydon, you will give me an order to see your picture when it comes out.' I rushed to my dear Mary, and found my little, sedate man, with his cheeks rosy over my painting-room fire, quite lost, contemplating 'Lazarus.' In the interval some ladies and gentlemen had called to see the picture, and he intimated that he knew how to behave. Dearest Mary, quite overcome with joy at seeing me again, hung about me like an infant; wept on my shoulder, and pressed her cheeks to my face and lips, as if she grew on my form. My heart beat violently; but, pained as I was, I declare to God no lovers can know the depth of their passions unless they have such checks and anxieties as these. A difficulty conquered, an anxiety subdued, doubles love, and the soul, after a temporary suspension of its feelings, from an intense occupation of a different sort, expands with a fullness no language can convey. Dearest love, may I live to conquer these paltry creatures, and see thee in comfort and tranquillity! For thy mercies, O God, this day, accept my gratitude; my rapid extractions I attribute to thy goodness."

In January, 1823, "Lazarus" was finished, and after five days' glazing, was ready, quite to Haydon's own satisfaction for exhibition;

which taking place, was eminently successful, and the receipts good; until the catastrophe of an execution upon the picture itself—which seems to have been deeply mortgaged. This brought him to the debtor's prison for the first time, and led to his first bankruptcy. He escaped the claims of one hundred and fifty creditors, and was, as he says, free to commence life again. He had made the forlorn hope of a petition to Parliament, to encourage historical painting, by employment of artists to decorate public buildings: not forgetting to glance at his own efforts, disappointment, and position, then incarcerated for debt. This, of course, bore no fruit at this time. He was this year elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Russia. His bankruptcy delivered him from the fear of creditors, but it also relieved him of every description of property: a few friends, faithful in his misfortunes, had purchased many of the necessities of the painting-room out of the sale of his effects; but, excepting these, he had nothing. The great pictures, upon which he had labored with such devotion, the producing of which, in his own way, had brought him to this pass, were sold to creditors for the most trifling sums. "Lazarus" fetching but £800, while "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which in exhibition alone brought £3,000, went for £240.

Before we dismiss the epoch of painting "Lazarus," we may venture to indorse the opinion of Mr. Tom Taylor; that this picture is worthy of a place of honor in any future National Gallery, which may be appropriated to the works of British artists. "Although the color seems to us hideous, much of the drawing coarse and disproportioned, yet there is a power of design, a concentration of interest upon the awful subject, such as no other painter, be he who he may, has yet produced therein. The head of "Lazarus" is perfectly successful. Let the reader think what this implies; and he may be content, with us, to consider it one of the most wonderful productions of human art. It was painted under the circumstances we have just described. Haydon might well say that he was willing posterity should judge him by this picture.

For actual bread and cheese Haydon now took to painting portraits; a dreadful task for him; accordingly, we find bitter complaints of his hard fate, the more so as in a short time even this failed, mainly, we imagine, because he would not adapt his mind to this kind of work. In November, 1823, he writes thus:—"Here am I at this moment ready to paint anything, to the portrait of a cat, for the means of an honest livelihood, without employment or the notice of a patron in the country." Before this he had pawned his lay-figure, whose departure he laments with a comic bitterness, a grim smile of farewell to the old silent companion, who had been with him many a year, and assisted him through many a picture. Then went the dear, dear books, excepting *Yasari*, *Shakspeare*, *Tasso*, *Lanzi*, and *Milton*. "Books that had cost me £30, I only got £3 for." A few portraits came in, however, and some relief: this was only temporary, for at the end of the next year he writes this sorrowful passage:—

"October 6th.—I am entirely abroad in my mind, occupied with a continuity of daily trifles: in the evening I have no ab-

stract idea of expression to muse on till the next day. I leave off wearied, and commence in disgust. I candidly confess I find my glorious art a bore. I cannot with pleasure paint any individual head for the mere purpose of domestic gratification. I must have a great subject to excite public feeling. I must be supported with all sorts of anticipatory hopes, fears, and feelings. In portrait I lose that divine feeling of inspiration I always had in history. I feel as a common man; execute as the very commonest. Velasquez used to paint fruit, vegetables, still-life, and all life, again and again, to get facility. I would willingly do this and have done it, could it end in anything worthy; but what worthy thing will happen to me? Alas! I have no object in life but my wife and children, and almost wish that I had not them, that I might sit still and meditate on human ambition and human grandeur, till I died. I really am heartily weary of life. I have known and tested all the glories of fame, and distinction, and triumph; all the raptures of love and affection, all the secret feelings of a parent. And, what then?" He goes on in this melancholy strain, showing himself utterly cast down for the time.

Out of such a slough as this, fast approaching black despair, what but the strangest deliverance could bring him? The reader will never surmise who it was, with a hand as out of Heaven, brought him at least a twelvemonth's peace and comfort. It was no less a person than his lawyer! This is really one of the strangest incidents in Haydon's life. This gentleman and man of sense, proffered him assistance to the amount of £800 for one year, to be paid at intervals as required; but dictated the size and price of the pictures Haydon should produce, the price of each description of portrait he might obtain to do; and claimed four per cent. for the money advanced: the security for which should be an insurance upon Haydon's life (for the after benefit of his family), the pictures painted, and his personal bond. This was no usurious bargain, though offered for ample security. The offer was accepted, and brought Haydon a year's peace; for it is not until after twelve months had elapsed that we find him "hunting for cash" again. In this interval he painted one or two small pictures and a few portraits; these latter, unfortunately, the critics attacked, greatly to Haydon's annoyance, and ultimate loss. Yet, really, from some we have seen we cannot wonder at their provoking ridicule from any one who sought cause for it.

Being "dreadfully harassed," he resolved to send his picture to the Royal Academy exhibition. This being well hung, encouraged him to seek personal interviews with the academicians themselves, thinking to become a candidate for election into their body. He was received with kindness by the individuals, but failed in his ultimate object, which drove him into another splenic manifestation against the Royal Academy as a body, and to denunciations against academies in general; yet, the effort was of service to him, and is a sign of a quieter disposition than in his younger days. He frequently sent pictures to the Royal Academy after this, and we do not find him again complaining of their bad

reception; perhaps some of his old aptag-onists had died off.

Here is what he says about portraits: "In portrait, one sitter, stupid as ribs of beef, goes; another comes; a third follows. Women screw up their mouths to make them pretty, and men suck their lips to make them look red. The trash one is obliged to talk! The stuff one is obliged to copy! The fidgets that are obliged to be borne! My God! I will defy any man of strong imagination to curb it, if he idealizes at all, so as to elevate a common head, and yet keep a likeness." This last sentence lets us into the secret of his failure, and consequent disgust at portraiture. He sought to idealize the heads of his sitters; that is to say, that he wished to make "heroes" out of excellent, honest, intelligent merchants and others, of that class. He set out intending to commit a falsehood with the portrait; not the kind of falsehood which might have been acceptable to them, *i. e.*, what is called "flattery;" but a falsehood of his own—to elevate and idealize, as he calls it. Of course he failed; being too strong a man to dance upon eggs, which seems to us much about the same thing as this power of flattery.

The great portrait painters, Albert Durer, Holbein, Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, Reynolds, and Velasquez, did not part with the individuality of each man; for we see it in every one of their works. They contented themselves with seeking to portray the man's character as it was written in his face, being quite certain that there was more therein of God's handiwork, however defaced, than even their skill could reproduce. If Haydon had looked at it in this way, he would have found more delight in the work; for surely what the men just-named condescended to do was not unworthy of him: he sometimes affected to recognize means for the just employment of talent in portraiture, but with him this was obviously insincere.

In the course of his visits to the Academicians, one of them asked him, "Where is your Solomon, Mr. Haydon?" "Hung up in a grocer's shop." "Where is your Jerusalem?" "In a ware-room in Holborn." "Where your Lazarus?" "In an upholsterer's shop in Mount street." "And your Macbeth?" "In Chancery." "Your Pharaoh?" "In an attic, pledged." "My God! And your Crucifixion?" "In a hay-loft." "And Silenus?" "Sold for half-price." This was the position of Haydon and his principal works in 1826. It was his custom to sum up the actions of each year at its close, and here is one of the most singularly concise accounts of a year we can imagine:

"January and Feb'y.	Law and harassed.
March.	Hard work and harassed.
April.	Sketched and harassed.
May.	Ill and harassed.
June.	Began Alexander.
July, August.	
September and Oct.	Hard at work.
November.	Brighton and Petworth.
December.	Finished Alexander and more harassed than ever."

The beginning of the next year brought another arrest, another petition to Parliament, and an appeal to the public for assistance. He made a public statement of his affairs to a meeting called for the purpose, by which it appears that his own embarrass-

ment was partially caused by the payment of a portion of debts, from which a previous bankruptcy had—in law—delivered him. This appeal was sufficiently successful to procure his release from prison.

While in prison, he found a subject for a picture, of a somewhat Hogarthian style; this (which the king afterwards purchased) and another, occupied him some time. The latter picture was exhibited with Solomon, Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, and some studies; moderate success attended this, and a purchaser was also found for the new work, at £380.

Haydon was just as badly off as ever, and we find him consenting to the sale of this picture at that price, "from sheer necessity." He now began a new picture, the subject "Eucles," who, it appears, was a Greek soldier, who ran with the news of his countrymen's victory at Marathon, from that place to Athens; arriving wounded, he died at his own threshold. This was the end of the year 1828, and at the commencement of the next year, Haydon published a pamphlet upon the old subject: the necessity of public encouragement to artists. He addressed the public this time, having made fruitless, though incessant applications to the Government at every change of ministry; not content with which, he would appeal from one member of the Government to another; strive in every possible way to interest them, even to get them to commit themselves to something tangible in the cause: he even tried the opposition with a view, probably, to badgering the ministry. All to no purpose at the moment; though we cannot but think that he has done good service in the long run.

Look through a loop-hole in the heart of Haydon. "Wilkie strenuously advised me to go to Italy, family and all. [Let the reader remember this was his old boy-friend.] One can't depend upon his sincerity. I have got a character, and made a hit in satire; got ground in a style which he finds he cannot touch without being considered an imitator. God knows, he may be sincere. Would to God, men had lanterns in their breasts, as Socrates said. By staying so long abroad he has lost ground, I am convinced; I am also convinced, if I went now, I should break up an interest I could never effectually recover." Haydon was not unjustified in this, for old friend as Wilkie was, he had found that the absolute antagonism of their temperaments would not allow them always to be candid to each other.

The humorous, or what he calls, the satiric school of subject, now came uppermost in Haydon's mind, and we find him congratulating himself that he had finished one "cursed portrait," and had but another to do before commencing a third satiric picture. For this latter he had strong hopes of finding a royal purchaser; but that fell through. He now commenced another of his grand historical pictures, the "Xenophon;" that is, the first sight of the sea during the flight of the Ten Thousand. With this picture we find him for some time closely engaged with all the usual enthusiastic energy, and, sad to say, also with the usual pecuniary difficulty.

One of the most excellent points of Haydon's character was the wholeness of his domestic affections. This shows itself, not

only in the entire love of his own children, but in the equality of treatment of his wife's children by her first husband. We find he had obtained a commission in the navy for the eldest of these sons; and it is not a little striking to find amongst the points of excellent advice which he gave the young man on his departure for service, a most earnest exhortation never to borrow money: the value of this advice no one could appreciate more than Haydon, and certainly there could never have existed a more striking instance of total disregard of it than his own life shows, both before and after. But men are always wiser for others than for themselves. This son-in-law of Haydon's met with a singular death in the East Indies, from the bite of a venomous sea-snake. The second of these children, Orlando Hyman, "for whose schooling I have been imprisoned three times, and arrested once, has won a scholarship at Waghnam College, Oxford, at sixteen." We find Haydon glorying in him, because he had lived in that hot-bed of extravagance, like a Pythagorean, "on bread and water for breakfast, when not invited out," to the admiration of wardens, proctors, and porters, and we should hope to the approval at least, of others, too.

Haydon had appealed to the public for assistance, many times with small result: we now find him putting up "Eucles" to raffle. At the meeting for this purpose, he laid before the subscribers and the public, a statement of his position, which shows the ordinary result of disappointment on his side, and of course loss to his creditors. One striking item of law-expenses in nine months only, exemplifies his situation better than anything else: it amounted to £76 1s., "on petty debts;" that will show how the lawyers hunted him down. This, and the comparative failure of his exhibitions, soon brought on another crisis: accordingly he was again arrested, again incarcerated, and again bankrupt. He says he was again "honorably acquitted." Among the extraordinary expedients, which perhaps no other man could try with success, was an application to Sir Robert Peel for indulgence in the payment of a long arrear of taxes: this, to the honor of Sir Robert's heart, was granted through his influence, and the letter notifying this fact, contained a cheque for immediate expenses. Now came another petition to the House of Commons, fruitless as ever.

Haydon is extremely degressive, as the reader must have perceived: for in the midst of his prison troubles are anecdotes of Waterloo heroes, and political remarks of all kinds. This is an account of the death of George 4th, June 26th, 1830. "The account of his death is peculiarly touching. There must be something terrifically awful physically considered. His lips grew livid, and he dropped his head on the page's shoulder, and saying 'This is death!' died."

Here is an extract from one of Haydon's letters to the Duke of Wellington: "Oct. 14, 1830. This perpetual pauperism in the end destroy my mind. I look around for help with a feeling of despair which is quite dreadful. At this moment I have a rich house, without a shilling for the common necessities of life. This is no exaggeration. Indulged by my landlord, indulged by the Lords of the Treasury for

my taxes, my want of employment and want of means exhaust the patience of my dearest friends, and give me a feeling as if I were branded with a curse. For God's sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of the art I have struggled to save, permit me, my lord duke, to say, employ me. I will honor your patronage with all my heart and all my soul." [No answer.]

Somewhere about this time Haydon had made a sketch of a subject which was among the most popular of all those which he had done; Napoleon musing on the rock of St. Helena; this had been engraved, and both pictures and prints found a ready sale: we find him selling the prints in different shops, and getting the means of present subsistence thereby. Sir R. Peel gave him a commission to paint a life-size picture of this subject, which Haydon wrought upon with the utmost zeal, moved thereto by, gratitude for assistance received, and the hope of further patronage. He, however, made the tremendous error of asking for an increase of the price after the picture was fairly completed, and he had even received that which was agreed upon. An insane act, which of course, annoyed Sir Robert immensely. This painting of "Napoleons" became, at last, Haydon's great resource, so that we find him in a few years doing one in a day, having five or six in hand at once, and so forth. There is a story known in London, that Haydon, in a moment of extreme pressure, stopped a gentleman, well known for the goodness of his heart, in Pall Mall, with this demand, "A Napoleon, or your life." The Napoleon was, of course, preferred and accepted, and the cheque for £100, handed to the painter.

Although the sale of these Napoleons brought in temporary relief for the daily expenses, he was still in dreadful straits for money. Thus, "provided shoes for my dear Mary, and a dinner for my family, etc., etc." Thus driven, he made a direct appeal to the feelings of the Directors of the British Gallery, for some temporary assistance, at least, if they would not give him a commission: this letter—which is too long and painful for extraction—is in the humblest and most affecting style: admits the errors of his youth in opposing the Academy, and while asserting that he was conscientious in so doing [as no doubt, he was], implores their consideration: the answer to this brought a cheque for £50.

These distresses had become chronic and ineradicable; yet, when we seek the cause of all this, of his endless debts, of his four bankruptcies, duns, law-expenses, beggings, borrowings, the whole train, in fact, we are compelled to think that it was his own fault—in short, he was extravagant, unjustifiably so, too. He paid, or owed, £121, for arrears for the rent of his house; [this we learn from the statement of his position in 1897], he puts down £30 a year for servants' wages alone; he had contracted debts to the amount of £2,131 in four years, and received from his profession £2,547, the result of which is broadly thus: that for every two pounds which he earned, he spent three: we question whether even the interests of high art can justify this.

This picture of Napoleon, painted for Sir R. Peel, was exhibited alone; a practice into which Haydon considered himself

driven by the injustice of the Royal Academy. His doing the like was, no doubt, of some service to him in money respects on the first occasions of Lazarus and the Entry into Jerusalem, but we question if his having it all his own way, as it were, in these private exhibitions, did not lead greatly to that inordinate self-esteem which he entertained; his pictures were rarely placed side by side with those of his contemporaries, so that he was led to shut his eyes to the efforts of other men. We may see this in the letter just quoted, when he speaks of the art "I have struggled to save," as if there were no other laborers in existence than himself. The exhibition of Napoleon was a failure, bringing only a fresh crop of debts upon the painter. One of his consolations was a fresh sonnet by Wordsworth, written at his request for the occasion.

This was in the year 1831, memorable to Haydon by the departure of his picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, for America; sold by its possessor (who, it appears, purchased it at the sale of his effects on the first bankruptcy), to Messrs. Childs and Inman of Philadelphia. Poor Haydon regretted this greatly, as his hopes pointed at a public building in England for the resting-place of his picture. "However, I trust in God it will be preserved from fire and ruin; and as it is a work painted with the most fervent prayers to him, the Author of all things, for health and strength to go through it; that he will be pleased to grant that it may cross the seas in safety, and do that good in America which it failed to do here." Let us hope that the painter's prayer has been granted, and that this picture, which was a labor of love to him, may do him honor in the new age and country.

He now painted a small picture, which from engravings is the best known of all his works: "Waiting of the Times." Two gentlemen in a coffee-room, one occupied with the newspaper, and the other impatiently waiting his resignation of it. It is a very spirited design, and not uninteresting from a considerable resemblance which the expectant has to the painter himself. We think it one of the best things of his work.

"I called at the palace to-day; but what a difference in the attendants! All George Fourth's servants were gentlemen, to the very porters—well-fed, gorgeous, gold-laced rascals. Monarchy is setting. In one hundred years more, I don't think there will be a king in Europe. It is a pity. I like the splendid delusion: but why make it so expensive? Voting now £100,000 a year for the Queen—as if £5,000, was not enough for any woman's splendor! These things won't be borne much longer.

"28th.—A glorious day. King William Fourth has consented to place his name at the head of my list for Xenophon. Huzza! God bless him." This changed his opinions respecting the vote for the Queen and the duration of the monarchy: so he jocosely says, but we cannot help thinking that he was much of a republican at heart.

Just at this time he lost two of his children, from one of whom, while dying, he painted a picture of the subject which he rightly says, "made a most piercing subject."

The friendship of great men made much of Haydon's consolation, he was honored with a letter from Göthe this year, in which the poet informs him that the drawings made from the Elgin marbles, sent to him some years before by Haydon, occupied a distinguished position in his house, and that his soul had been elevated by the contemplation of them.

In 1833, Haydon undertook the painting of a picture to commemorate the passing of the Reform Bill, the last great English Revolution. It was a representation of a banquet at the London Guildhall; when were present all the leaders of the liberal party. This was a commission received from Lord Grey, a minister, who was in some sense at the head of the movement: it brought the painter into daily contact with peers and distinguished members of Parliament. Once more Haydon thought his fortune was made, and once more he was disappointed. While about this picture, he makes the following excellent remark: "I am perfectly convinced that if I could bring my mind for a whole year to the study of portrait, it would be of essential use to my work in history as long as I live."

Here is a remark concerning Reynolds, which comes from Lord Melbourne, who had sat to him when young. "I remember Reynolds. He was a hard-working old dog. When I sat to him he worked too hard to be happy." It must be borne in mind that Lord Melbourne was a distinguished idler himself.

The above remark concerning the benefits of portrait-painting was severely tested in Haydon's experience, during the painting of the Reform Banquet picture; for he says that he had not had a moment's rest for nine months, having executed seventy-nine heads, all portraits. The picture was at last finished and exhibited, but did not succeed in bringing profit to the painter, who estimates his loss at £230. This was in 1834. Meantime Haydon had suffered the loss of another of his children, his favorite, he calls him. He had received a commission for a picture of Cassandra, but could never get free from difficulties.

It had been for many years a subject of hope with Haydon that the Government would, or might have the House of Commons decorated with pictures; he had proposed it to every minister, but without success; but now, curiously enough, that edifice was destroyed by fire; and the artist's hopes rose up again—only to be more utterly and profoundly disappointed, as we shall see. This last bitterness filled the cup, and we have no doubt, ultimately led to the fatal act which closed this scene of struggle and hopeless toil.

Haydon says that a Royal Academician remarked to him that the sun of art had set in England; upon which he expresses his conviction that only the first streak of dawn had appeared at that time [1825]: an opinion we most heartily concur in; now the morning really broadens apace, and we begin to look forward to a brilliant day for art—and for the noblest kind of art—art applied to moral end and purpose: no more nudities for the sake of the nakedness, no more *genre* painting for the sake of the foolish tale which affords the subject, but sterling, thoughtful, purposeful choice of subject for the elevating meaning thereof.

Scripture pieces with reverent out-pour of the deep religious soul of the artist; the picture painted not for its color only or to show the painter's brush-skill, but seriously, gravely, and with lies of no kind on the canvas. Modern subjects, which shall show the deep sins of the age, brought to our own door, not for satire, which is always resultless, except for laughter of self-complacency, but for earnest pleading for return. We shall have subjects of those heroisms of which this age is as fertile as any, held up for the admiration of coming time in this proper presentation. In short, we hope that the day is coming when our heroes of the "nineteenth" shall no more be dressed in toga, lorica, or plastrum; but in good, sensible, practical waistcoats and breeches. Such is the day we look forward to.

In connection with this subject we have also to agree with Haydon's remark, several times repeated, that an artist could derive little or no benefit from visiting Italy, or other so-called lands of art, for the sole purpose of seeing how the old masters painted. Be certain that there shall be no enduring vitality in any art, built up, like Frankenstein's monster, from the odds and ends of other men. Better hollow out a tree for dwelling than build on an old foundation.

This year, '35, he commenced his lectures on art, introducing the naked model to a popular audience, it seems with great advantage to his hearers and much pecuniary benefit to himself; this forming in future, as we have said already, one of his chief resources. The lectures themselves, which have been published, are admirable expositions of his knowledge and views.

One of the newspapers, lauding his "Cassandra," spoke of him as the "veteran Haydon," which had a chilling sound to him, as the first speaking of his grave; indeed the greatest of his task was done, and although the old fire burnt for years, yet, with the exception of "Uriel and Satan," which was really a noble picture, he did little except fight for the bare privilege of living. He says that after this phrase of the "veteran Haydon," there has to come, "Old Haydon," and then, "Poor old Haydon."

One of the long cherished wishes of Haydon's heart was now granted to him: the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons to examine the state and prospects of the fine arts in England, and to suggest means for the encouragement of design in manufactures.

This committee brought the Royal Academy "to the bar," according to Haydon's expression of delight, and he had the satisfaction of seeing several of those whom he regarded as his personal enemies, examined respecting the constitution of the Academy. The result was *nil* as regards this body, or at least nothing which could satisfy Haydon. Yet it was of considerable importance, as leading to the foundation of schools of design in England. To which object Haydon contributed not a little by agitating amongst the manufacturers of Manchester and other places, where he visited them for the purposes of lecturing, being successful in two or three instances.

Haydon's resolute devotion to large canvases had been so greatly checked by this time that he had given in to inexorable

necessity and executed several small pictures, which found a ready sale. In 1818; however, we find recorded a not unnatural sight that the Duke of Sutherland, one of his most liberal and long-suffering of patrons, had purchased of Paul Delaroche his celebrated picture of Strafford going to execution—which is large—at the same time when he objected Haydon's works when on a great scale. We cannot blame the duke for this, however, considering the different qualities of the pictures. In 1838, he received a commission for a picture of the Duke of Wellington musing at Waterloo [so well known from engravings], the execution of which brought him into personal contact with his illustrious subject: of the sayings and doings which passed between them there is much matter in the autobiography of more or less interest.

Bewicke (the model of the head of the head of Lazarus, and a pupil of Haydon's) had made some excellent copies from the Sibyls and Prophets of Michel Angelo. Haydon calls the latter the "giant barbarian of European art," and makes the following remarks which seem worthy of attention. "And this is the grand style; figures painted to be looked at sixty feet off, brought into a drawing-room to be studied at six, and recommended to the students."

The effect of these copies of Michel Angelo is enervating. You sit and muse; such a glorious opportunity for size—such a patron. * * I can account for public mind growing feebler from going to Italy. The gap between their humble notions and what they see, is so great that the imagination crushes their hopes, their energies, their ambition. They become copyists, imitators, dealers, connoisseurs, or slaves, and the remainder of their days pass in a nervous chatter about the grand style." Further on: "The Theæns and the Fates are the true grand style; the Moses of Michel Angelo, the Gog-style."

A remark of Mrs. Opie's is recorded here; that Fuseli said to Northcote, that he resembled a rat who had seen a cat. This is admirably descriptive of the ferrety little artist.

In 1840, the picture of the Anti-slavery Convention was executed: originally intended to contain one hundred and three heads, it had afterwards added thirty-three more [!]: however, Haydon does not complain of this extension of his work, but says the proprietors might have their picture all heads, like a peacock's tail, if it pleased them. Let the reader think of a picture containing one hundred and thirty-six heads: surely he could not regret the want of portrait practice after this.

The year 1841, completed the sixtieth of Haydon's life: he had now to bear the greatest of all his disappointments—the utter failure of his hopes of being employed to paint in the new House of Parliament, to procure which, for him, so much of fortune seemed to have combined; he had trained himself all his life to the large style of painting, and suffered greatly in consequence of his devotion to it. His favorite pupil, and after the death of Wilkie, this year, his dearest friend, Sir C. Eastlake, now President of the Royal Academy, was the acting head of the affairs. Haydon himself competed for the probationary prize with the strongest hopes [indeed, he

seems to have thought it his right]. We have already seen how he pressed upon every minister, the feasibility and advantage of such a thing: yet with all this, he was doomed to suffer the bitterness of lost hope, which doubtless drove him backwards into the gulf of suicidal death. Mr. Tom Taylor remarks, that the autobiography contains occasional remarks upon this dreadful last expedient, and this is shown by several of the extracts he lays before us, extending through several years, and mostly made in moments of depression, this is to say, in our opinion, that the question had never been calmly and dispassionately argued out to such result, as indeed it never could be in so penetrative a mind as that of Haydon.

Here is one of his outpourings of his defeated hopes "The greatest curse that can befall a father in England, is to have a son gifted with a passion and genius for High Art. Thank God, with all my soul and with all my nature, my children have witnessed the harassing agonies under which I have painted; and the very name of painting—the very name of High Art—the very thought of a picture, gives them a hideous and disgusting taste in their mouths. Thank God, not one of my boys, nor my girl, can draw a straight line, even with a ruler, much less without one. And I pray God, on my knees, with my forehead bent to the earth, and my lips to the dust, that he will, in his mercy, afflict them with every other passion, appetite, or misery, with wretchedness, disease, insanity, or babbling idiotism, rather than with a longing for painting—that scorned, miserable art—that greater imposture than the human species it imitates."

There is a sense of bitterness about this, seen even through the attitudinizing, such as little else than a life's disappointment could produce.

Long practice had made Haydon very skillful in raising the wind; he records in the year 1842, one of the most extraordinary feats in this way, which is known to man:—of an old pupil he borrowed £10, out of which, he paid £7 to a creditor, of this last happy man he borrowed £10, [!] more, in order to pay a bill drawn upon him by his son. He says, the first borrowing was an easement to his mind; but what must the second feat have been? what relief! what comfort!

The dismal record draws swiftly to its awful climax; four years hence, and the expedient-enslaved brain, and the heart which had stood bravely against necessities such as these, were brought to dust by the hand which these sufferings had rendered skillful at so dear a price. His very heart seems to have darkened within him, before the crisis. Thus on the 6th of February, 1846, he states that he did nothing all day but stare at the fire, "stand like a baby, and felt as one." Again; "a man who has had as many misfortunes as I have, gets frightened at leaving his family for a day." Taking a journey to Edinburgh, he appoints his executors, etc., etc.

He had commenced a series of pictures at his own risk, such as he thought, might fitly decorate the House of Parliament, to see, so to speak, if he could not shame the government into employing him. Two of them, on completion he exhibited, and does not forget to state that he let fall three

hundred letters to invite friends to the private view—also that the horse of a cab in which he was, stumbled and fell, omens which seemed dark on his excited mind. The exhibition of these pictures was a more utter failure, than even its later predecessors in Haydon's career; and bore heavily upon his jaded heart. The British public rushed by thousands to see the dwarf, General Tom Thumb, which extraordinary natural curiosity was exhibiting in an adjoining room. 12,000 people visited the latter, while but 138 came to see Haydon's pictures in the course of a week. He drew from the ancient source, consolation in his despair. "Bless me, O, Lord! Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we trust in the name of the Lord our God."

We dare not say that this availed elsewhere, but Haydon's trust was broken here: and the fear of another bankruptcy, the last ounce, bore down this strong camel, so long driven over stony ways in the world. He died, and died by his own hand. May he have found forgiveness, and rest and peace after this long battle—whatever were his sins, whatever were his follies or his errors, the reader will have seen that he had many noble qualities, and that his faults were sorely punished upon himself. He gave us of his best, and gratitude, if nothing else, binds us to lay him softly in the earth.

PYGMALION.

A LYRIC SCENE.

Translated for "THE CRAYON," from the French of ROUSSEAU, by MISS HARRIETTE FANNING READ.

CHARACTERS.

PYGMALION. GALLATHEA.
SCORNE—Tyre.

[Note.—This sketch was represented in Paris, Oct. 3d, 1775. A letter, dated 26th Nov. 1770, signed by COIGNET, a merchant of Lyons, says, that "PYGMALION was performed there about two times, composed by actors; and the music, except two bits, composed by himself;" these two—the *Entrades* of the Overture, and the fine portion which characterizes the Interlocution, before Pygmalion gives the first stroke to his chisel, were by Rousseau.]

The stage presents the Studio of a sculptor, with half-finished statues around, groups, blocks of marble; and, in the background a statue hidden under a drapery of light and brilliant material, adorned with garlands. Pygmalion is discovered seated; he leans on his hand, musing with a sad and agitated expression; next, rising abruptly, seizes his implements, gives a few touches to one of his designs, then examines it with a discontented and discouraged air.

PYGMALION.

There is no life, no soul there: it is merely stone: I shall never make anything of it. Oh, my genius! whither have you fled? my talent, what has become of you? All my ardor is extinct, my imagination frozen, and the marble remains cold under my touch. Attempt no more gods, Pygmalion, you are but a common artist. Vile tools, no longer instruments of my glory, hence, disgrace my hands no more! What has happened to me! What strange revolution has taken place within me! Proud and gorgeous Tyre, thy monuments of Art